

How to Train Your Tangled, Brave Guardians

by coverleaf

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-08-18 20:08:39

Updated: 2014-08-18 20:08:39

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:36:30

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,840

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A Big Four story (RotG, HTTYD, Brave, Tangled): He pulls a part kings and countries for the one thing he wants the most: power. To dominate this world. And when the Guardians have been taken down, who then is left to fight? Can you train tangled, brave and new Guardians?

How to Train Your Tangled, Brave Guardians

****How to Train Your Tangled, Brave Guardians****

****Disclaimer: Don't own Rise of the Guardians. This is purely for fun****

****Chapter One: ****

Twice they have come up against him, and twice again did Pitch's evil lie eradicated.

Remnants of the battle for the children of this world blanketed the city Burgess like dark and gloomy cobwebs. Although invisible to anyone else, the residue of spent magic was still there; still clinging to the crisp, cold night. One of Earth's oldest creatures couldn't help but tangle it around his fingers, watching as the tendrils of dying magic dissipate as soon as he touched it.

Alone, and perched on a grand headstone in a quiet family cemetery, the Grave observed the rapidly moving sleigh whip through the starry night sky.

For him, counting victories was like trying to count the stars on a night in the city. You knew there were more there, spaced somewhere across the light-polluted sky, but straining to see them; you could barely make out four. Time and time again his puppets had come up against the Man in the Moon's finest, and time and time again they had been bested by the Guardians.

Only this time it was Pitch Black, the Boogieman, whom had been

defeated.

The world could breathe easy again.

Or could it?

Out of the catacombs and into the open air arose the Grave. Great black wings sprung forth, leathery and strong, blanketing all it overshadowed.

They think that they've won for now. They think that Pitch Black was the strongest threat to the children of humanityâ€”to the entire human raceâ€”and that all of the chaos and darkness would subside for a century or two before the Boogiemán tries again.

Such fools.

Regardless of their victory the Grave's plan was still intact. They were vulnerable now; weak and weary from battle.

He will get what he wants one way or another. Pitch was, after all, only a marionette, and a weak opponent compared to the Grave himself. So what would happen if these bringers of peace and light came up against the puppet's master? It was too easy, letting them fight a weak opponent, leading them into a false sense of security. It was like taking a child by the hand; they followed blindly most of the time. Thinking that they were sewing good; that happiness and joy followed them, but there was something else going on under the surface. Something dark and of ill intent. And it was about to rear it's ugly head.

And after centuries and two millennium of biding his time, of waiting for the opportune moment the Grave had gathered all that he needed. The Dagger of Persephoneâ€”the dagger of the queen of the undead whom cursed both mortal and immortalâ€”lie ready in his hands. Nothing made by man could kill a spirit, as they were immortal. But with this dagger, the Grave hoped to carve out his revenge on the Moon's favored easily enough.

With a great cry the Grave shifted his bone, hearing them snap and pop as he split in two. His doppelgänger, Death, sneered at him as the Grave handed over that oh so special item. He just had one moment before the saint, Kris Kringle, whispered to his portal creating globe, tossing it in front of the sleigh, and transporting them all out of the Grave's immediate reach.

But one moment was all he needed.

It was hard to stay awake.

Every last bone in his body ached, and North trembled with the effort of keeping himself upright. He needed to stay alert. He was the one with the reins, after all, snapping them quickly over the backs of his reindeer, urging them on. He highly doubted that the Yetis had mastered autopilot yet, he thought with a dismayed chuckle.

Everything still feltâ€”raw. Like his emotions were biting at his conscious, unwilling to rest. The sting of loss when Pitch attacked the Warden was still fresh in his mind; as was the feeling of

hopelessness when the Guardians turned away from Jack Frost as he few out of sight. Events over the past several days; the battles, and a thinly won victory were just too close now for North to truly feel anything but exhaustion.

But he had to admit, there was another feeling there too that was gradually rising in his chest, overshadowing his frayed nerves. And that feeling was slowly, but surely, winning out.

Joy. Happiness. Relief.

They had won in the end. Wasn't that the only thing that mattered?

A nagging thought came on North as he glanced back at the newly christened Guardian. Perhaps some words should be said. Perhaps there are some apologies that need to be made. There were so many questions running through North's head. Was everything truly alright now? Was Jack harboring feelings against the Guardians that had lost faith in him so quickly? Did he have doubts about their loyalty even now? Did Jack still think they were made at him? Did he think that they still didn't trust him?

It all happened so fast, and North wasn't so sure. He didn't have time to gauge Jack's state of mind before they whisked away on his sleigh. The young spirit seemed happy. Unspeakably happy. But there was something else there as well. It seemed like Jack was still a bit overwhelmed with everything. He was suddenly visible to the first humans since his birth as Jack Frost. He had other spirits—the Guardians—whom he could count on now. That was a lot to take in in just one day.

North looked behind him again, and noted how the other Guardians struggled through their own weariness. Sandy's feet were a hair above the ground, and his head started nodding. Bunnymund, having never really gotten over his anxiety of heights, was keeping low on the deck, with eyes half lidded. Tooth was humming to herself, with her head resting in her arms. Jack had pulled up his hood; his face was hid in shadows.

North was just about to speak, to say something, to let Jack know that everything was fine, but just at that moment Jack Frost quickly peaked up at him beneath the hood, as he gripped his bent staff in pale, white hands, and smiled.

He smiled.

Not the coy, charming, lopsided smile he'd used around them; nor the strained smile he wore when things became unbearable for him. No, it was an unassuming, contented, genuine smile that made him look like he was a simple seventeen year old, and not the three hundred year old troubled winter spirit.

"Jack, I—" North called out over the high winds, and he saw laughter shimmer in those blue eyes when they flickered to him. Jack had finally found what he'd been looking for since the beginning of his existence. He finally got his center, his purpose. And North was happy for him.

"You don't have to say it," Jack called back, looking just as tired as everyone else. "It's ok, I—" "

WHAM!

Jack was cut off. Suddenly, and without warning, the sleigh wrenched violently right sending its occupants tumbling from the carriage. The reins jerked the reindeer back, grinding them to a screeching halt as they chewed at their bits in panic and fear. Bucking wildly, the reindeer tried to scatter, succeeding in tearing at the metal trimming of the sleigh, but not at freeing themselves. North managed to catch the side of the sleigh with one of his large hands, but the others weren't so lucky. The reins had been jerked out of North's hands. He had no control at this point.

He looked towards the sky, and he looked below and above him to see what had hit them and where the other Guardians were.

Jack had immediately spun in the air, being the most nimble of the five, and like a snowflake blown in the wind, he plummeted towards the earth in hopes to save Bunnymund. Tooth wasn't far behind and North knew that the Easter Rabbit only had a matter of minutes before he hit the ground. Sandy, having crafted a parachute out of his magical sand, drifted in the sky. He was the only one who wasn't rushing to Bunny's side, and for good reason. The Sandman looked towards the sleighâ€”no, behind the sleigh, North realizedâ€”and flicked his wrist, creating his infamous whips of sand.

Smog and ash started to creep around North's sleigh, and a booming voice from the blackness of night came in from all around them.

The moon, for a moment, was blocked out entirely.

"How fitting is it that you should meet your downfall this Easter night," it saidâ€”the thing, the creature, whatever had attacked themâ€”finally appearing before North from out of the smoke. "Let me show you what happened after your Lord ascended."

The being was enormous. It was twice the size of the sleigh, and its eyes glowed like hot coals. Wings doubling its mass beat against the sleigh, scarring the reindeer even more, breaking their bearing straps and scattering them.

Without the reindeer, the sleigh plummeted.

There was nothing to hold on to and North began to also free fall before grains of sand flurried around him, stopping his decent and lifting him back up to meet the beast. Sandy's whips snapped towards the monster, but they were easily deflected. The creature didn't even look like it was putting any effort in fending off the Sandman; and North knew Sandy was tired. They all were.

North cried out when the monster batted the Sandman away with one hand and watched as the small spirit fell from the sky. The sand that was holding up Father Christmas lurched when Sandy fell, but nevertheless remained in place.

North knew almost immediately when he saw the creature that they had come to a fight they could not win. If he remembered correctly, the creature was Death, the Grave personified. But North didn't think he existed anymore. He was so old. He disappeared by the time Tooth and Bunny came into the picture. He thought that the Man in the Moon made

sure no evil, grotesque being was left alive since the Dark Ages. The main reason was exactly this; that no Guardian alive had the power to contend with it.

And now it was staring North in the face, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"Deathâ€¦but how?" North gasped out. But it seemed like Death wasn't interested in him for he swept over the Christmas spirit, leaving dust and smoke in his wake. Diving low, North's gaze trailed after the terrifying creature.

Lower to the ground, Jack was struggling to hold Bunnymund's weight, and Tooth was just within an arm's reach to help him when Death attacked. Wrenching Bunnymund away from Jack, Death batted Tooth away with one sweep of his large wings. The Easter Bunny was close enough to a grove of large trees that he was able to hop from branch to branch, breaking some with his momentum, avoiding being splattered on the ground.

All attention was on Jack now as he struggled to get out of the monster's grasp. North felt helpless. There was nothing he could do.

He tried anyway, with swords drawn North abandoned the spot of sand that was holding him and jumped straight into the air, positioning himself to land on Death. The Tooth Fairy had recovered since he'd hit her, and she too was racing towards Death and Jack Frost.

But with a spin Death repelled them all, rising higher and higher in the sky with Jack thrashing vainly to escape. The winter spirit looked like a doll in those large talons. Ice formed around him, and cold winds picked up. But it wasn't enough.

"Jack!" Tooth screamed. Her screams continued until Jack and the phantom were out of sight. North felt overcome with emotion like nothing he'd experienced before, and a new fire was lit in his bone.

"What kind'o knocker is that?" Bunnymund exclaimed. "I've never seen such a thing!"

"It's Death. An old spirit I thought long gone," replied Saint Nick.

"Northâ€¦" Tooth said, uncertainly.

"We are not loosing him," North said through gritted teeth. "Not after everything. We will not lose him."

"But we don't have a sleigh," Bunny reminded them, "We don't have any means of transportation! I could use my tunnels but that's only good when I know where I'm going. The only way to follow Jack is by air. And even if we did, how are we going to beat that thing?!"

"So what you say?" North started, red faced. "That we leave Jack to be taken by Death?"

"Of course not,

"Boys!" Tooth yelled, uncharacteristically. "Let's focus this rage on Death and not each other. I know we are all tired and frustrated, but we need to push through this for Jack."

Small pops, like fireworks erupted above them and the three Guardians looked up, startled. Like always, the silent spirit of sleep had sand above his head indeed resembling fireworks, in order to get everyone's attention. Sandy leaned over the side of what looked like a modified sleigh made purely of sand. With a wiry smile the Sandman beckoned them to hop in.

"There. Transportation," North said, complacently, throwing up his hands.

"I care about Jack too, North," Bunnymund said, stopping the two from joining Sandy in his sand-sleigh. The rabbit stood at his full height, and stared them down with the same intensity that he would have given any opponent. "And I will hunt down any of you mates that tell Jack that I said so. But this may be a suicide mission. Even at our best, we have almost no hope of winning."

"Are you ok with that?" Tooth spoke up before North had a chance to. "Is Jack worth risking it all? Is he worth going into a battle we might not win?"

Bunny hesitated, but not long. "Yes."

"Then get in already!" North said, "As you said, Bunny. We can only follow them by air, and he already has head start."

Death, being just as sinister and unyielding as the Grave, clamped down on the winter spirit's lithe form in annoyance. What little energy and power the winter child had left in him was spent on trying to freeze the great talons that were holding him.

"Hey! Let me go!" the boy shouted, and Death had to chuckle to himself at how pathetic it sounded. With the Guardians far behind him, Death knew that he needed to meet up and merge with the Grave, but not before his counterpart gave the word. Everything had to be precise and as planned.

And this squirming winter spirit was not helping.

Taking the boy's face tightly in both of his hands, Death exhaled smoke and fumes. "Sleep," he urged, lulling Jack Frost into unconsciousness. The boy went limp.

With that done, the physical appearance of Death shifted again. As the Grave's doppelganger, Death also had the ability to alter himself. Being a massive, fearsome creature was their true form, and was beneficial from time to time. But the two have walked this earth for quiet some time, and they didn't elude the Moon's awareness by remaining in their true state.

The image Death changed to resemble a man. A tall man at that, but one that was slim, and had dark features and ruffled hair. They say evil comes disguisedâ€"a wolf in sheep's clothingâ€"and what was a better disguise than this? He looked weak, mortal, and he knew that the Guardians, as well as the Man in the Moon, would be looking for a beast not a human. With the Dagger of Persephone hung ominously at

